ture in Rome, or in any other capital, was the temple of Jupiter Stator, the name by which it is best known to us; its era is not exactly ascertained, but from the fine character of its design and execution, it may with great probability be ascribed to the Augustan age. Its destination has been the subject of great variety of opinions. By Albertino (1510), Labacco, Palladio, and Pomponio Leto (1520), it was considered to be a temple of Vulcan. Nardini, Versuti, and others contend that the columns belonged to the Comitium. Gamucci (1565), Fauno (1553), and Ficoroni, held that the columns were part of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, which is the opinion held by Piero Ligorio and Marliani. Of this superb edifice only three columns remain, of white marble; and of these remains Valadier justly remarks, that "they are a monument of the best age of Roman architecture, in which are united magnificence with beauty, sublimity of idea with perfection of execution, the acme of architecture with that of sculpture." These columns were 4 feet 10 inches in diameter, and 40 feet high in the shaft alone, and eight columns formed the portico. The capitals of these columns are the richest that were ever executed: they differ from all others of the Corinthian in that the central caulicoli are intertwined: they were imitated with the entire entablature in the portico of Carlton House, the columns of which now form part of the façade of the National Gallery, but with a plainer and therefore less appropriate entablature. Sir John Soane also copied them in his façade of the Privy Council and Board of Trade in Whitehall, where the architectural public have seen the late professor's columns cut in halves to perform double duty.

The Campo Vaccino, or ancient Forum Romanum, was crowded with magnificent temples and edifices, built by successive emperors. One of these, in the best taste after those we have just noticed, was built by Marcus Aurelius, and dedicated in honour of Antoninus, and Faustina, daughter of the latter and wife of the former emperor. It has a portico of six Corinthian unfluted columns, with three on the returns, of good proportions. The frieze in front is plain; but on the flanks of the temple it is adorned with sculptured griffins and candelabra.

In front of this temple was placed the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, now in the square of the capitol, and which so excited the admiration of Michael Angelo that he cried out to the figure, "Cammina!"

This ancient temple, like many others of pagan origin, is now a church dedicated to St. Lorenzo, in Miranda; and to the care of the pontiffs in thus consecrating such structures, we are indebted for much that remains of Roman art.

With the exception of the little gem of the choragic monument of Lysicrates, at Athens, we are not acquainted with any specimens in Grecian architecture of circular buildings, whilst we have many examples amongst the Romans: two of these, though small, are very beautiful; one was in Rome itself,—a Corinthian temple, dedicated to Vesta, and it was considered that the circular form of building was appropriate to the goddess who personified the earth.* This temple consisted of twenty fluted columns, one only of which is wanting, but the entablature is entirely gone. It appears to have been repaired at different periods, as the capitals vary in their design and execution. It had two windows; and the building is now used as the Church of La Madonna del Sole. The whole height of the columns is 34 feet 7 inches, and their diameter 3 feet 2 inches.

About 18 miles from Rome stands the relic of one of the most graceful temples ever erected: Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, immortalised by the pencil of Turner, recals some of the most famous names of Roman story. Here the illustrious Mecænas had a villa, where he was often visited by his imperial friend Augustus, in company with Horace, who is said to have also had a residence here, a legend so happily alluded to by the author of "Italy" when speaking of this locality—

> "Where the precipitate Anio thunders down,
> And thro' the surging mist a poet's house
> (So some aver, and who would not believe?)
> Reveals itself."

* "La forma obicolare de' tempj è propria di questa dea." —*Valadier.*

Tibur also served as a refuge to those great spirits who were checked in their ambitious enterprises. Thus we find that Cinna, the consul, came here in a temporary exile, as did Brutus and Cassius; and therefore Ovid says—

> "Quid referant veteres Romanæ gentes apud quos
> Exilium tellus ultima Tibur erat."

Here also the Romans sent some of their noble captives into an honourable retreat, among whom were the Numidian Emperor Syphax and the celebrated Queen Zenobia. The villa of Hadrian, at Tivoli, resembled a town in extent, and here also were the residences of Caius Marius, of Scipio Æmilianus, Virgil, Catullus, and Vopiscus, whose porphyry pillars were celebrated in song.* Of the beautiful temple itself ten columns remain of the eighteen which formerly surrounded the cell, which is only 24 feet in diameter; it was built of travertine stone, and the Corinthian capitals of the columns are very original, and this example was finely, and for the first time, imitated by Sir John Soane in the exterior of the Bank of England, and the small circular corner next Lothbury may serve, and that very happily, to convey some idea of the temple itself, since its peculiar ornaments of ox skulls and garlands are introduced on the frieze.†

GEORGE R. FRENCH.

* These names prove that Tivoli was a favourite retreat when the summer heat of Rome compelled her emperors, her stern warriors, her wise statesmen, or her gentle poets, alike to seek amidst the cool groves and matchless scenery of the Tiber, and silver waters of the Anio, a temporary refuge from the cares and turmoil of the busy capital.

† To be continued.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

MR. FRITH (A.) is another of those few artists whose works bear evidence of great perseverance. He seems properly impressed with the necessity of labouring to improve the power he has. His picture this year (349), "Coming of Age," shows great research, and no sparing of trouble and pains. The diversity of incident attendant on such a scene is well calculated to allow scope to the painter's imagination; each individual is conceived with great delicacy of perception, from the mumbling old reader of the address, to the difficult but beautifully conveyed expression—half smile, half tear—of the happy mother; the noble old grandmother, proud in ancestral rights; the jollity of the retainers; the busy importance of the cook (a head worthy the best of Dutch painters) carving from an ox roasted whole; the simplicity of the children, one of whom, on the shoulders of perhaps its father, in order to insure its position, has twisted its little fingers amongst the shaggy hair so redundant on the boor's head, quite unconscious of the grimaces that bear witness to his discomfort; another dropping the flowers brought to strew the young lord's path, with its mother stooping to pick them up, forms a sweet little episode. The conception of the principal figure is not the most successful: it presents that nervous determination of going through the necessary ordeal with as much ease and grace as possible, but the youth is too old for one who had but just attained majority.

(383) "Ferdinand declaring his love to Miranda;" (384) "The Conspiracy of Sebastian and Antonio;" (385) "Ferdinand and Miranda discovered by Alonzo, at the entrance to the cave, playing at chess" (a picture in three compartments), all by P. F. Poole (A.), are marked by originality of treatment. The admirable arrangement of colour in all three productions, strikes the spectator at once, but where Mr. Poole finds his authority for introducing female courtiers attendant on the king, is a theme of astonishment to all readers of Shakspeare. He has certainly made great use of this artistic liberty, and the sleeping ladies in the middle compartment cause one to forget the deviation in admiration of their *pose*, and the unusually nice drawing for this colourist. The "Blackberry Gatherers" (514), demands praise for effect and colour: the head of the girl is lovely, and the painting of the red petticoat is very remarkable.

(397) "Innocence and Guilt," A. Rankley. An unaffected relation of an eloquent story. The picture represents the interior of a country church; the right-hand side presents an open pew, wherein are seated a gay young spendthrift squire and his courtezan: he is struck with remorse,—the effect of the honest pastor's words is visible in his whole deportment; his companion perceiving it, is bantering him; but the sense of having erred too strongly affects him; he remains transfixed in self-examination and mental trouble. Before these, sitting on the free-seats, are two rustic lovers. The beautiful girl,—beautiful in her confidence and innocence,—kneels reverently; whilst her lover, manly devout, nevertheless hardly able to resign his whole thoughts to the time and ceremony, reads from the same book. The father and mother, who accompany them, are intently bent upon the responses. To the left of the spectator is a long row of charity girls, arrayed in the white capes and caps, leading perspectively into the picture, capitally managed. It is certainly a charming work, and displays an amount of thought that is highly commendable.

(404) "Sand-pits." This unpretending title applys to a marvellous production by Mr. Linnell. It defies criticism, further than claiming the observation of its being nature in her best colours. The "Sand-pits" of J. Linnell, and the (531) "Morning on the Banks of Zurich Lake" of F. Danby (A.), are, without question, two of the finest landscapes in the collection: the total absence of the appearance of paint is one of the minor characteristics of the latter. (407) "The Wise and Foolish Builders" of G. Harvey, had much better have returned to Edinburgh than have been placed where it is. In 413, "The First Pair of Trews," by R. McInnes, much that is clever is counteracted by the disagreeable smoothness of style so applicable to snuff-box pictorialising. (420) is a charming North Welsh landscape, entitled "Crafnant Mountain," by T. Danby.

(434) "Evangeline in the Church," C. Lucy. An advance upon former works, but few youths would have fixed their eyes upon any thing *quite* so plain as the heroine, much less have considered her

> . . . "as the saint of his deepest devotion."

(447) A picture without a title, by E. Armitage, accompanied by a long extract from Thierry's "History of the Norman Conquest," is utterly unworthy of De la Roche's pupil, who has eminently distinguished himself in the Westminster Hall competitions. It is ill drawn, and trite in general treatment.

(470) H. Pickersgill, jun. "The First Interview of Robert, surnamed 'the Devil,' with the young Girl of Falaise, who was afterwards the Mother of William the Conqueror." A very clever picture from Thierry's history, evincing both painstaking and ability, but placed somewhat too high for close inspection. Mr. Pickersgill (the son of the veteran academician) is a very accomplished man, but too modest and retiring for these pushing days.

(474) "Malvolio," J. C. Horsley. Not what might have been expected from the author of many first-rate poetical compositions.

(488) "Mozart's Last Moments," H. N. O'Neil. A fine subject, and, as far as discernable, well treated. Much labour and study are observable here, although it is badly placed; it is evidently the work of a musical enthusiast.

(497) "Academy for Instruction in the discipline of the Fan, 1711." One of those quaint subjects of which Mr. A. Solomon, with his nice perception of beauty and clean painting and drawing, knows so well how to make the most of. This also is badly hung.

(538) "The Wolf Slayer," R. Ansdell. A very powerful picture, richer in colour than Mr. A.'s works are ordinarily, approaching the grand in composition. The foreground group of dogs and wolf would not have been unworthy of Snyders. The wolf-slayer is the least best part; but the work, as a whole, claims the highest praise.

(612) "The Orphans of the Village—Harvest Time," T. F. Marshall. A refined and well thought-of subject, from "Thomson's Seasons," deserving of a much better situation than that assigned to it. From what can be seen of it, it is evident great care has been bestowed upon the arrangement and execution; it is a striking advance upon former works, and, from its nice sentiment and agreeable *ensemble*, a very favourable specimen of the painter.

For more information on OCR and PDF Compression go to our website